Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that ſweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuite, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.
The. No doubt they roſe vp early, to obſerue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyſe?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
Th. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their hornes.
Shout within, they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
Theſ. I pray you all ſtand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To ſleepe by hate, a
Lyſ. My Lord, I
Halfe ſleepe, halfe w
I cannot truely ſay h
But as I thinke (for
And now I do bethi
I came with *Hermi*
Was to be gone fro
Without the perill
Ege. Enough, eno
I beg the Law, the
They would haue ſt
Thereby to haue de
You of your wife, a
Of my conſent, that
Dem. My Lord, f
Of this their purpoſ
And I in fury hither
Faire *Helena*, in fan
But my good Lord,
(But by ſome powe
To *Hermia* (melted
Seemes to me now a
Which in my childe
And all the faith, the
The obiect and the
Is onely *Helena*. To
Was I bethroth'd, e
But like a ſickneſſe,
But as in health, com
Now do I wiſh it, l
And will for euermo
Theſ. Faire Louers
Of this diſcourſe, we
Egeus, I will ouerbe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BI